

the roll—who have peopled Spain with their *personæ* and poetry. All these influences make Spain a museum, a library, an asylum, a retreat, delightful for invalid or misanthrope, for traveller or student, for artist or author, for old men or maidens!

But why are there so few who travel hither and here? The Englishman and American rush over Europe and omit Spain. The reason for this omission some years ago is explicable and apparent. Then Spain had no railroads, and her other roads were unsafe. To cross the Pyrenees then, was to go out of Europe. It was to eat nothing but garlic. It was to leave the land of cookery and France. 'God sends Spain meat, but the devil cooks it,' said the French. The snobbish Englishman says: 'Cawn't get the "Times" there, ye know, nor Ba-asses pale ale, ye know! Nothing but a bloody bull fight in the cities, and howwid, wascally wobbers in the country, ye know.' An American abroad is either a noodle, a doodle, a scholar, or a business man. The two former scarcely ever go to Spain. The American scholar has made Spain glorious in English literature; and the business man goes thither either for wines and raisins, or to consult about—Cuba!

The mountains of ashy hue and the valleys of perennial green, the wide prairie and the rugged rocks, the dash out of the vineyards of Malaga into the lovely vega of Grenada, or from the glorious Alcazar of Seville to the many-pillared mosque of Cordova, from the Elysium of Valencia to the Sahara of Mancha; all these, a quarter of a century ago, had no attraction, and, as yet, have but little charm for the dilettante tourist. Not a few, however, are prevented from travelling in Spain by groundless fears of political disturbances. The land is volcanic in political as in other respects. Our minister testifies to hundreds of letters,

as to whether it is safe to venture this spring and summer into Spain. He answers, as I do, 'Yes!' No safer place. If there be danger, it is sure to be sounded beforehand. The Spanish are very pronounced. They are incarnate pronunciamentos dressed in soldier clothes, and a trumpet is always noising their political vicissitudes. I have been most agreeably disappointed at the perfect order, safety, and pleasure of Spanish travelling. Whether by diligence, rail, or carriage, it is the same. The worst that can be said is that the butter is bad. My worst profanity on its appearance has been: 'Oh! Lard! Oh! Lard!' But you soon become used to it, or to its absence. The trouble of travelling in Spain has been much lessened, and the pleasure much enhanced, since the revolution of last autumn. There are now no octroi dues. Figuerola and Serrano have effected this, along with other free-trade reforms. Your trunks are not opened at the gates of cities. The railroad people are civil. The railroads are generally as fast, and as comfortable and safe, as those of America. The trains wait longer at the stations, but the cars are excellent and comfortable. The inns—whether you call them fondas and posadas, or ventas—might be bettered; but they form no objection to the travelling here. You have all the comforts you require, and more than you expect. You have always good fruit, such as raisins, oranges, and apricots. The wines are of all qualities, and you may select. The Swiss are opening hotels in the principal places. One Swiss company has several hotels. This arrangement I found convenient; for when I grew short of funds, or negligent in my exchequer, I paid my bills, for example, for Seville and Cordova, at—Madrid! The money is easily understood, as the old Spanish milled dollar is the real standard. Generally, the people count in reals; one real being over four cents, or

about four reals to a franc. The peseta—a common silver coin—is four reals. It resembles the old twenty-cent piece which used to be seen in America, and which used to slide in for a smooth ‘quarter of a dollar.’ It is a little smaller than the quarter, and without the pillars of Hercules—those grand symbols of *ancient* Iberian power! The cent is called a *quarto*, and like its double—‘*dos quartos*’—it is copper. The gold coinage is like the American, or as ours used to be in the good old days. There is a one-hundred-real piece, equal to five dollars; about the English sovereign. It would not be hard to change the Spanish coinage into the decimal system. Already the French decimal has been introduced for measures. The old yard, league, and quart are not altogether out of vogue with the people or peasantry, but, under official rule and proclamation, they are fast becoming obsolete.

It is the custom of Englishmen, especially, and Americans too, to underrate Spain, and depreciate the Spanish people. Englishmen say that they—with the Duke—won all the battles here against the French, and that the Spaniards dodged the dangers and ran. I am not going to say that the Spaniards by their own unaided force, at that epoch, did full justice to their former prowess and fame. But I do say, from observation of French, German, Italian, and other troops, and by comparison with the Spanish, that I do not see any difference, in either appearance or discipline, to the disadvantage of the Spanish. We are apt to take as a standard the officers, *grandees*, or *élite* of a people. As to Spain, I admit that there does seem to be a degeneracy among the better (?) classes. Compared to the portraits and pictures I see—and not relying on the magniloquent histories I read—there is an enormous falling off. The Cids and ‘Great Captains’ are now *rare aves*. But in the

living towns of Spain—on the sea coast, as at Cadiz, Malaga, Carthage, Valencia, and Barcelona; or, in such places as Seville and Madrid—the people look and act equal to any work in the field, whether with a hoe or with a bayonet! If there transpires here what may happen on the election of the king—*i. e.* a civil war—you will see that Andalusia, from Grenada to Malaga, will be foremost in the fight for self-government without a king. All the peasants and tradespeople whom I have met are republicans. They understand what that means too. A rough peasant whom I met in the little town of Santi Ponce, near Seville, told me that all his townspeople were republicans; that they contemptuously sent about his business the day before a fellow who came there to peddle monarchical newspapers; and that they read the republican papers and understood their own affairs. The free speech, free education, and free press of Spain have made a wonderful revolution. Everywhere the boys in the cities, or rather the blind men and poor women, especially at Malaga, Madrid, and Seville, are crying their papers, just as if they were in London or New York. But I do not wish to vaticinate about politics, at least not till I get to Madrid, where the cauldron is boiling and bubbling, and where Serrano as Regent is soon to be installed.

But it is a little interesting, if not significant, that in the village of Santi Ponce—occupying the site of the magnificent city of Italica, whose ruins I will hereafter describe—the city where Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius were born—founded by Scipio Africanus for his veterans; a city once adorned with sumptuous edifices, and which was so fond of imperialism and Rome that it sought to lose its character of a free municipium by becoming a Roman colonia,—it is not a little significant that the people here are all

republicans! A bright-eyed girl, of one of the huts where we bought some old Roman coins and mosaics, sang a song in a jolly way to us, to show us the feeling of her vicinage, the burden of which was:—'The republic we seek we will have. If they don't like it, they may swallow it!' That is a free but correct translation, though I am not sure of my Spanish.

CHAPTER XVIII.

*SUMMER IN SPAIN. SEVILLE, SCENES, SOUNDS,
AND SENTIMENTS.*

‘Fair is proud Seville! Let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days.
Beneath soft eve’s consenting star
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet.’—BYRON.



THIS is the first day of summer! This spring, however, has had no chill of winter. It lingers into summer, and preserves its vernal charms. Like a coy maiden—‘only not divine’—spring, by her backward ways, not only attracts, but in such a way as to repel from any exertion, especially that of writing. We rather live and breathe than work and move. It is the very season of Flora yet, and in her own primal beauty and favoured climate.

I knew, by reading and repute, of the heat of the summer sun of Spain. The dog days are as fierce as the fabled hounds which ate their keeper. No drinking of water, no screening of head and eye with umbrella or green glasses, no awnings in city or shades in country, no stone wall or enormous head gear, can temper the heats of Spanish midsummer. The sun roasts, fries, and bakes you, as well as the already calcined soil. Was it not Sancho who put the curds into the Don’s helmet? It must have been in summer, for they melted so fluently that the Don began to think that his brains were running. The soil cracks and gapes all athirst. The rivers have died out, for want of water. The





SEVILLE YENDORA.

grass, where irrigation is not, is as shrivelled as an old woman's hand after a hard day's washing, and as brown as sienna. The olive turns pale with heat and dust. The donkeys, almost alone of the animals, imperturbably plod their meek and weary way. The heated traveller rushes into every venta, and the porous earthen refrigerator is emptied to cool his parched tongue. The proverb has it that the sun is the cloak of the poor: '*Es el sol la capa de los pobres.*' I think that proverb was made for winter, and is no good proverb. Proverbs should be applicable to all time and seasons. I, therefore, contest it, on the same principle that I would have contested Sir Roger de Coverley's will. He made the will in winter, and left all his servants (bless him!) greatcoats; but he died (alas!) in summer, when greatcoats were useless! The Spaniard boasts, not only that the first language was his, but that the sun first shone over this old capital of Toledo! I will not contest that, but simply say that not as yet has the sun, with Spanish courtesy, taken off his sombrero. We, therefore, linger. When Apollo begins to shoot his arrows, we shall retreat.

The reader may find us following the meanderings of the Guadalquivir, and about, like Kalif Walid, or San Ferdinand, to capture Seville. In order to reach Seville from Malaga by cars, we had to go above one hundred miles north to Cordova, and thence as far south-west to Seville. We have now accomplished the sight of both those ancient capitals. With Jaen and Grenada they make up the four kingdoms known as Andalusia, so sedulously hidden by the crafty Phœnician merchants under the (still) inexplicable *nominis umbra* of Tarshish, so tenaciously held by the Moors, and so splendidly glorified by Spanish poetry and romance with all the hues of the Orient! This is Andalusia! I was disappointed in Jaen and Cordova,

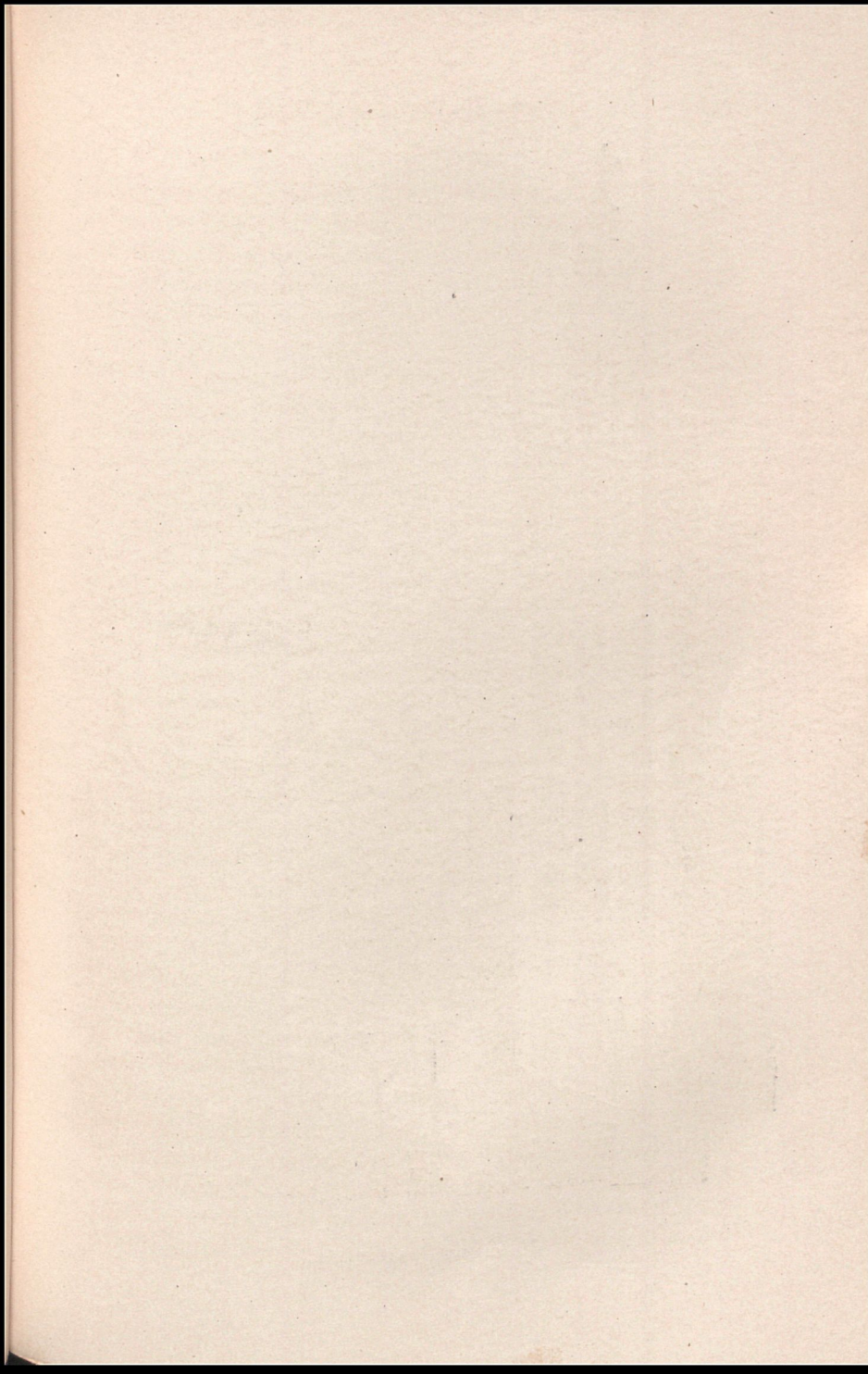
but not in Grenada or Seville. Of Grenada I had read much, in Irving and elsewhere. My impressions had become indelibly photographed. Of Seville I had formed, if I may thus express it, a sensuous ideal! It was to me the gorgeous East and the fruitful South. It was the epitome of Asia and Africa. Here, too, was to be found the severe taste of the Goth, with the elegant refinement of the Moor and the haughty grandeur of the Spaniard. Here were all the affluence of nature and the skill of art. I was not disappointed. But how can I reproduce on paper my impressions—and under circumstances that almost forbid the grouping of incidents and thoughts; how cast a reminiscence even of a week on these absorbing scenes.

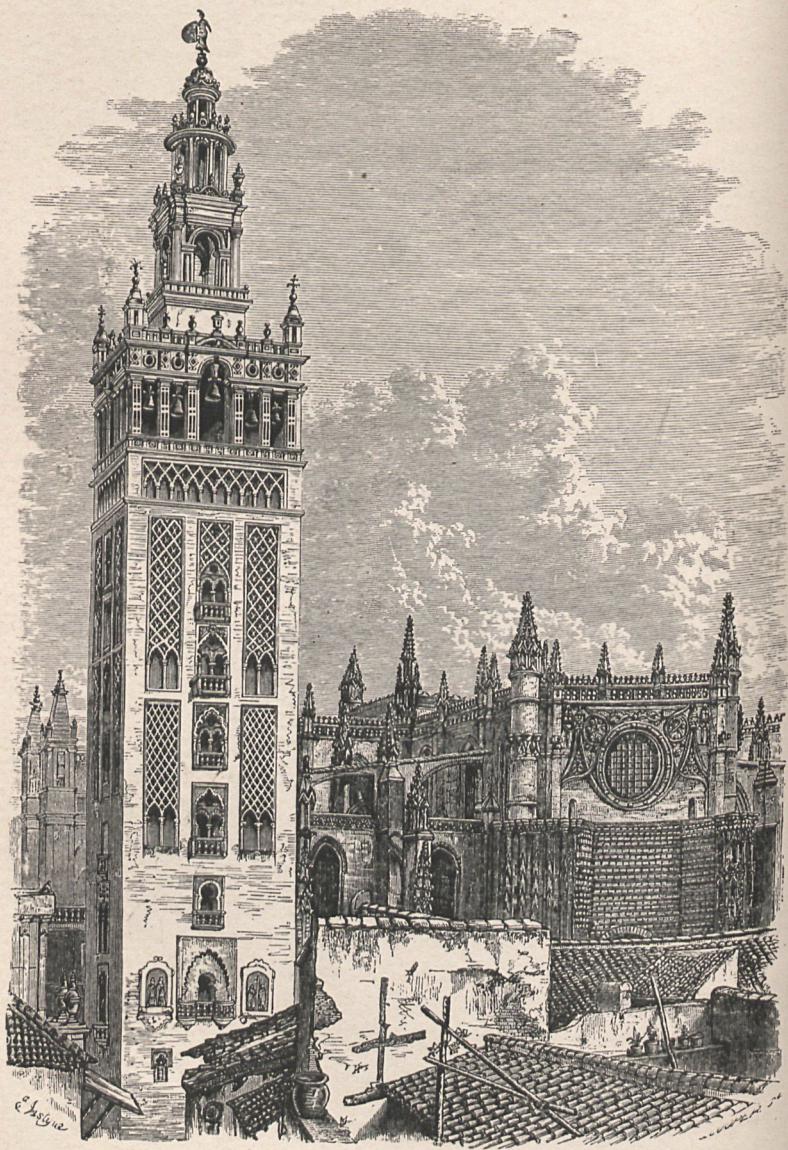
Perhaps the best order is chronological, and the best narrative is the simplest. On the railway we had the courtesy extended to us of seats in the saloon of a reserved car. This was done by the kindness of the engineer and inspector of the roads in Andalusia. He was a cultivated and communicative man. He had relatives in Malaga whom we knew. To them we were primarily indebted for this valued courtesy. We learned everything from him about railroads and politics. The railroads of Spain do not pay well. The charges are high, the running is slow; but the travel is safe. You never have an apprehension about danger of life or limb. There has been, even as recently as last autumn, apprehension from another source. You will always see most respectably dressed police soldiers about the stations. They are uniformed in cocked hats and Quaker-cut coats, white pants and high boots, looking like General Washington as a *gendarme*. They are observable at all the depots and along all the routes in Spain, because, some time ago, on some even of these main thoroughfares, there were brigands. Yes, indeed. They attacked

the cars here even this winter. They do not throw the cars off the track. They are not diabolical enough for that. Even they are too chivalric and Andalusian for that. But they move down on a depot, salute and present arms politely to the conductors, firemen, and engineers, and, courteously leaving the passengers intact, proceed to examine the freight, bills, and cars, and appropriate what may strike their fancy as useful. Like the robbers described by M. Huc, in his book on Thibet, they are the very pink of verbal urbanity and predatory politeness. You remember how the Thibetan brigand procured—oh, call it not ‘stole’—a horse and cloak. ‘Venerable elder brother,’ said he to the elderly chevalier, ‘I am fatigued and footsore with my journey; wilt thou have the happiness to dismount?’ or, ‘The sun is hot, very hot; your cloak, my honoured lord. Is it not too warm for thee and the season?’ Thus the Andalusian robber.

Our friend, the inspector of railroads, said that the brigandage here is nearly obsolete; but if there be a civil war, it will arise again. ‘Will there be a civil war?’ we inquire. ‘No, not yet. If no outbreak yesterday in Cadiz or Malaga, when the vote for monarchy was carried in the Cortes, then it will not come, at least not yet.’ ‘When then?’ ‘When the time comes for choosing the king. Just now, the proposition for a regency, and the probability that one of the popular leaders of the revolution will be regent, the full powers of a republican president being given to him as regent by the Constitution, take away the immediate motive for a republican uprising.’ ‘Who is likely to be king?’ I ask. ‘We have one candidate in Seville, where lives the Duke of Montpensier. He is now in Lisbon. He has money. His money made the revolution. He has suffered for the cause, and was exiled by the Queen.’ Our friend, I thought, expected

the Duke to obtain the crown. 'Then,' he continued, 'there is the ex-Prince of the Asturias—Isabella's son and heir; but he stands little chance just now. Some think General Prim desires it, and full a half-dozen others.' 'What of Serrano?' I inquired. 'He is very persuasive and popular.' 'What of Montpensier?' 'He has shown himself too much of a poltroon. The people like pluck.' 'What sort of a statesman is Figuerola, the Finance Minister?' 'Ah! he has a splendid intellect, is a thorough theorist, and yet is a practical reformer. He has taken office to carry out his ideas. He believes, as "New Spain" does, in commercial freedom and unrestricted intercourse. He has a difficult problem, as he has cut off many sources of revenue, and, with all his economies, he is in a deficiency. He is lampooned and abused, and has a hard time, especially with Catalonia, Prim's province, where there is so much done in manufactures. There the people are protectionists. General Prim has encouraged them to cry down free trade; but being republicans, although they want to have all people tributary to them by buying their stuffs in Barcelona, they will be likely to rebel.' I learned from my companion that he favoured free intercourse. Said he: 'What is the use of my business—railroad-ing—if we do not trade with other nations? These railroads are suffering because of bad laws; yet they were made mostly by foreign capital, and to reach out of Spain and Madrid, on a system, to every nation. The English own several roads. The French have built many. If we do not allow French steamers to come into our port without burdensome tonnage and port dues, and French traders to cross with their goods over and into our borders and interior, what is the use of railways? Home travel will not keep up the roads. We shall relapse into the old mule and donkey system.'





SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.

Spain is making progress in many ways not noted by other nations. She will yet refute Buckle's theory of her improgressiveness, absurdly based on her religion, earthquakes, and climate.

As we talked, the cars rolled us within view of Seville. We perceive it a long way off. Its many churches shine in tower, dome, and spire from afar. Its Giraldi, or cathedral tower—once that of a mosque—lifts the city from the plain, as St. Peter's lifts Rome from the Campagna. For seven hundred years this Giraldi, with its whirling vane—made up of a female figure and a flag—has played its demagogic part in the face of high Heaven; for is it not changing with every wind, as the *aura popularis*? Now it holds with Moor, now with Christian, and, regardless of all other influences, it has been true only in one thing, fidelity to its own whims. We have little time to see this rare tower from the cars. We find that we are in a lively city. Donkeys and venders of vegetables (see sketch) abound. The crowds at the depot literally *beggar* all description. Beggars abound; they indicate a prosperous city. I do not regard beggars as a sign of adversity. A goodly lot of them may be found in desolate places, but they generally congregate where there is something to beg for. The Spanish language is such a fit vehicle for a moaning tone that the beggars use that intonation even when there is no hope of obtaining alms. They whine for the very 'luxury of grief.' At railroad stations, I have seen the beggars thirty yards off, peeping through the palings at you in the cars, and then and there, utterly hopeless of response, making their piteous appeals to the Señorito for 'carita.' So sad are their melancholy tones that you feel reproached because you do not leap from the cars, break through or over the fence and fill their outstretched palms! When you do render them

a service, what an outpouring it is? At Jaen, when our diligence stopped, we had about forty round us. I adopted a new plan, I picked out the most conscientious-looking person, a fine-eyed old señora of about eighty, and giving her some silver, begged her, as she loved her kind, to distribute it according to the needs of the crowd. I picked out, luckily, like a good drover, the leader of the herd. She started down the street to the fountain, the motley miserables following with murmurs of admiration. There, deputing one of the number to go and get her silver changed into coppers, she distributed them fairly. She came back to thank us for the trust we had reposed in her. At the Alhambra in Grenada there are some half-dozen gentlemen beggars of the tender years of seventy and upwards. These you invariably meet. They represent the Genius of the place. One evening while sitting all alone on the stone seat, near the wall, in the Plaza de los Algibes (or place of cisterns), one of these venerable local genii approached. He made his plaint. The nightingales were singing in the elm groves near; the fountains were plashing musically around; the dim twilight, creeping up the mountain, barely revealed features which Murillo would have loved to paint (for who can paint a beggar like Murillo?) The time and place were favourable to his prayer. I ransacked my pockets for coppers, but being out of coppers I gave him a peseta, a silver coin. You should have seen him; he kissed the coin; the water wells up into his eyes. Remember, this was the plaza of wells. Perhaps he had been in direst distress, who knows? He calls over the list of saints and invokes them on my head. His fervency makes me almost join in the water business. He invoked the sweet Saviour to bless me, and finally hobbles away with streaming eyes, covering the coin with his labial delights! Next morning, when I was

looking out of the balcony of my Fonda, in the first dawn of the day, I saw below my venerable friend in a fight with two other elders. Their united ages were about two hundred and fifty years. One had knocked off my beggar's hat. Behind its turned-up, well worn velvet brim he, like others, carried his money and papers. The coppers rolled round in profusion. There was a noisy row then; not all noise either. It was not appeased but increased by the appearance of a couple of beggar women—female Methuselahs—on the scene. I came to the conclusion that I had expended my sympathy the evening before a little prodigally; but I will say this, my man fought nobly. This is the last battle of the Alhambra!

But there is no need that the traveller in Spain should be over-troubled with beggars. If he is recognised as a foreigner, he is sure to be confiscated to some extent. Why not? If, however, he learns to say: '*Perdone Usted por Dios, Hermano!*' 'For God's sake, my brother, will you excuse me?' The beggar will cease to whine his petition. All your negatives, even if polyglot and multiplied, from a crisp English 'No'—to a fine Castilian 'Na-d-a'—will not avail like this gentlemanly appeal to the chivalric mendicant. The philosophy of it is this: Every Spaniard is Moorish, Oriental, grandiose. The feudal system was never in Spain to degrade. Every one, the poorest, is as good as another. He feels it. If you respect his feelings, he respects you. Even the beggars consider themselves '*Caballeros de Dios*'—the gentlemen of God!

How we escaped from the gangs at the Seville depot I hardly know. No one can be rough with these 'gentlemen of God' without exposing himself to the charge of being vulgar. Soon we are in our hotel in the Plaza de Magdalena. It is situated in a square, surrounded by palaces and decked with orange trees.